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ABSTRACT

This student workbook is comprised of 11 lessons to help Latino students, grades 5 through 8, develop self-esteem through cultural pride. Each lesson begins with an illustration that reflects the content of the lesson, and an introductory page. The introductory page includes the following: (1) a "dicho," a proverb or saying used to pass on cultural values in Latino families; (2) a summary of the lesson; and (3) the "Sabes Que?," an additional small bit of information that will strengthen the student's perception of Latino diversity and accomplishment. All the material necessary to complete the lesson is included, including the following: (1) stories; (2) "cuentos," legends or stories that are passed on from generation to generation; (3) vignettes; (4) student activity sheets; and (5) blank note pages. A map of Latinos in the United States is also included. The Appendices include the following: (1) a list of "dichos"; (2) in-depth narrations of three celebrations, "El Dia de Los Tres Reyes Magos," "Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe," and "Dia de Los Muertos"; (3) a Spanish word list; and (4) a glossary of special terms. (FMW)

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STUDENT WORKBOOK

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Latino Family Life Education Curriculum Series

12-6-88

Cultural Pride

STUDENT WORKBOOK

Ana Consuelo Matiella, MA

Illustrations by Ron Salinas

Latino Family Life Education Curriculum Series

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Dedication

The Cultural Pride Curriculum was written for you, the student, so that you can begin to recognize some of the special and beautiful aspects of your culture and of your self. It is our hope that as you go through the lessons, read the stories and the dichos, and work on the activities, you may find a reflection of yourself that will affirm your own uniqueness, beauty and potential.

¡QUE VIVAN LOS LATINOS!

Did you know that over 18 million Americans are Latinos?

Latinos. . .
We are citizens and residents of the United States who trace our ancestry to Latin America, Africa and Spain.

We have some important things in common:

- our Spanish roots
- our mother tongue - Spanish
- the importance we place on ¡La Familia! and ¡Tradición!

Despite these common points we are also distinct groups.
Each group:

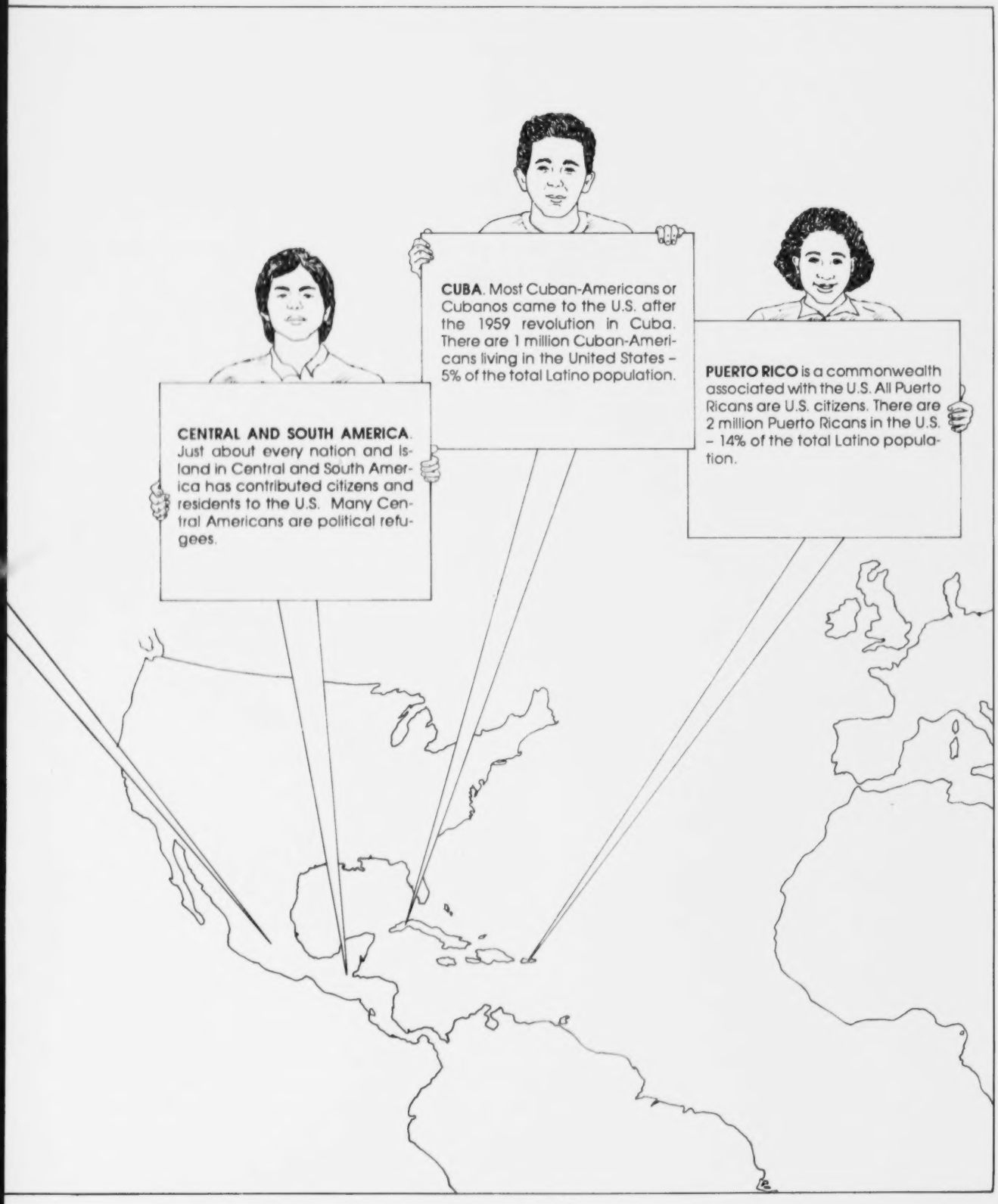
- has its own rich heritage;
- is white, black, brown or a mixture;
- may be Catholic, Prostestant, Jewish, African or Indian Spiritualist;
- has its own folklore, special holidays, arts and social structure.

We are alike and we are different.

We should be understood as we really are and for the valuable contributions we offer.

¡Que viva nuestra cultura!

MEXICO at one time extended over large areas of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. Some Mexican-Americans or Chicanos have lived here for over 300 years. Others emigrated later. There are over 9 million Mexican-Americans living in the U.S. comprising 65% of the total Latino population.


CUBA. Most Cuban-Americans or Cubanos came to the U.S. after the 1959 revolution in Cuba. There are 1 million Cuban-Americans living in the United States – 5% of the total Latino population.
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA. Just about every nation and island in Central and South America has contributed citizens and residents to the U.S. Many Central Americans are political refugees.
PUERTO RICO is a commonwealth associated with the U.S. All Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens. There are 2 million Puerto Ricans in the U.S. – 14% of the total Latino population.

Acknowledging and accepting differences in ourselves and others increases our ability to understand each other.

4

Lesson 1
Differences

DICHO

Cada cabeza es un mundo.

(Each person's mind is a world unto itself.)
This *dicho* addresses respect for the uniqueness
of each person's way of being.

Lesson 1 is about differences. In this lesson we begin by acknowledging that all of us are different from each other. These differences make us unique and special.

¿Sabes Qué?

The United States is the 5th largest Latino country in the world.

The top 5 Latino countries in the world in terms of population are: Mexico, Spain, Argentina, Colombia and the United States.

There are 308 million Spanish-speaking people in the world.

There are 21 Spanish-speaking countries in the world.

Get to Know Your Partner

Ask your partner the following questions:

1. What is your favorite thing to do?

2. What do you like best about yourself?

3. What makes you feel the happiest?

4. What is it about yourself that makes you feel unique and different from others?

5. Do you identify yourself with a cultural group?
   If yes, which one?

6. If you don't identify yourself with a cultural group, what other group of people do you identify with?

7. What is different, unique or special about your group?

8. What is it about your culture or group that makes you feel proudest?

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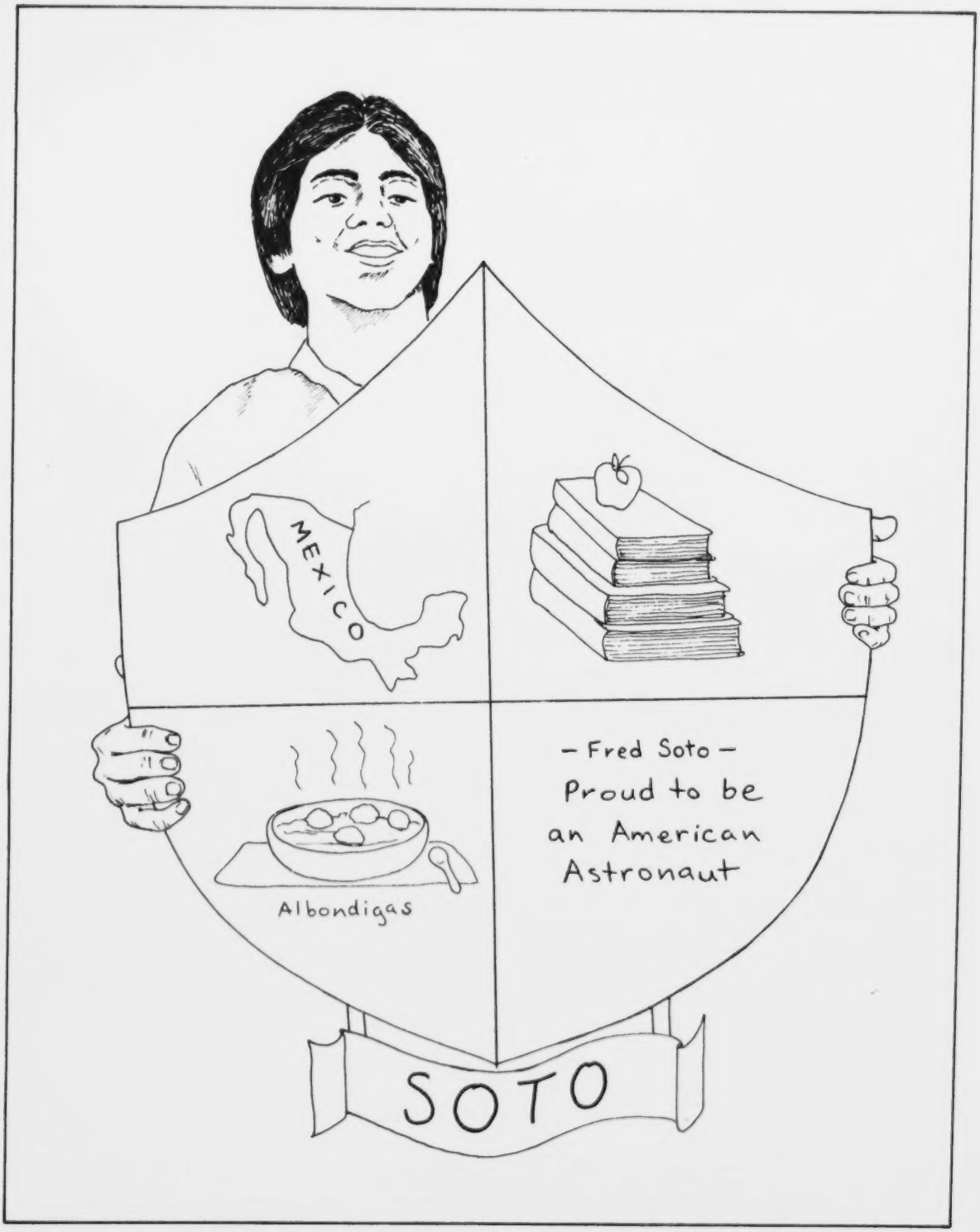


The cultural coat of arms is one way we can symbolize who we are and what makes us special and unique.

Lesson 2
Cultural Coat of Arms

DICHO

Lo que se aprende en la cuna siempre dura.

(What you learn in the cradle you never forget.)
This *dicho* addresses the importance of learning values from your family.

In Lesson 2 we design a cultural coat of arms. This is a symbolic way of saying, "This is who I am." We also have an opportunity to learn more about our classmates.

¿Sabes Qué?

The name for coat of arms in Spanish is *escudo*. Many Spanish families have established coats of arms or family crests. You can find out more about family crests and coats of arms by visiting your library and asking your librarian.

In Quadrant 1 - Symbolize a characteristic of a country other than the United States with which you closely identify.

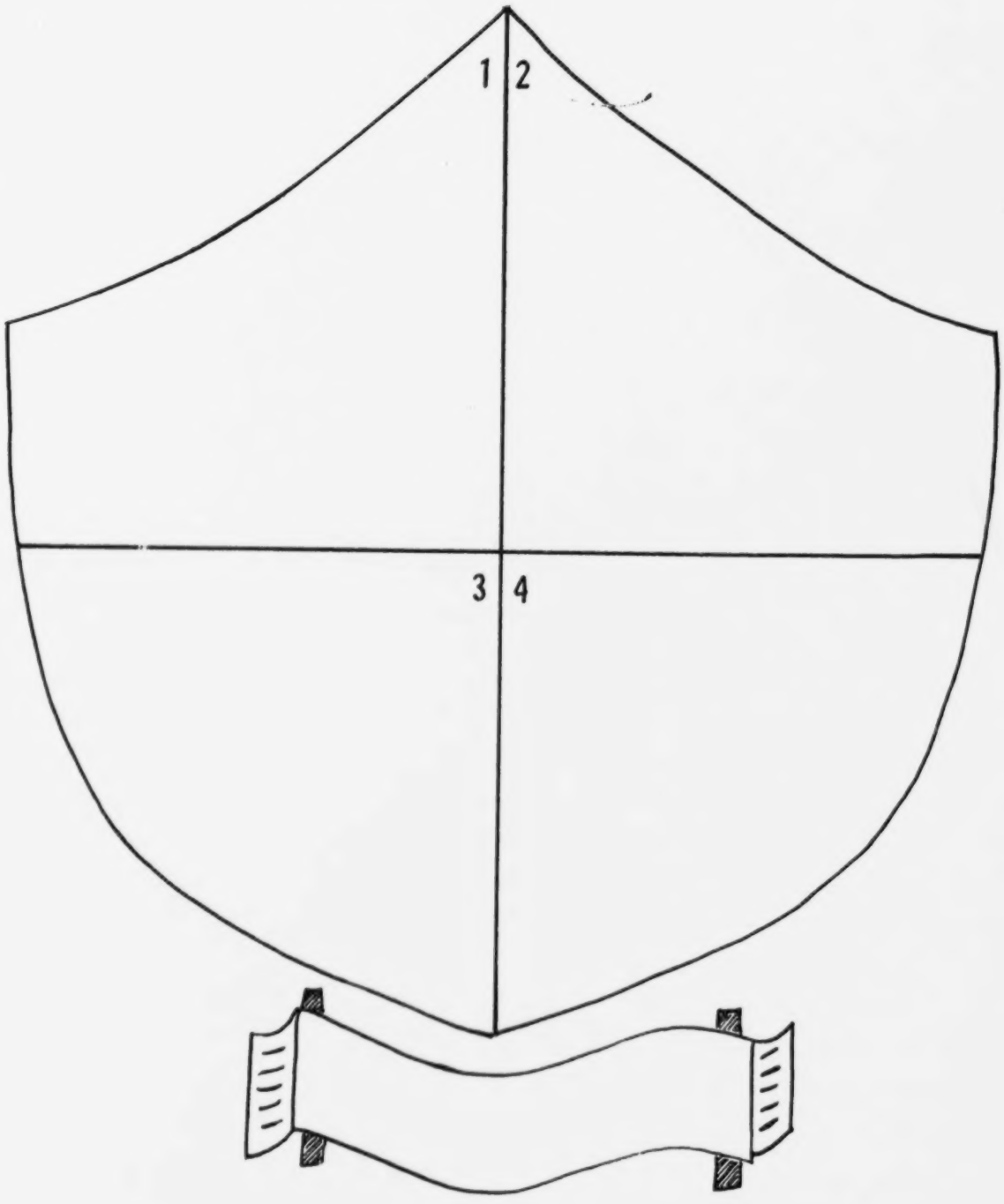
In Quadrant 2 - Symbolize something you have learned from your family that you feel is important.

In Quadrant 3 - Your favorite food.

In Quadrant 4 - What you would like written on your tombstone when you die.

Student Activity Sheet

Coat of Arms



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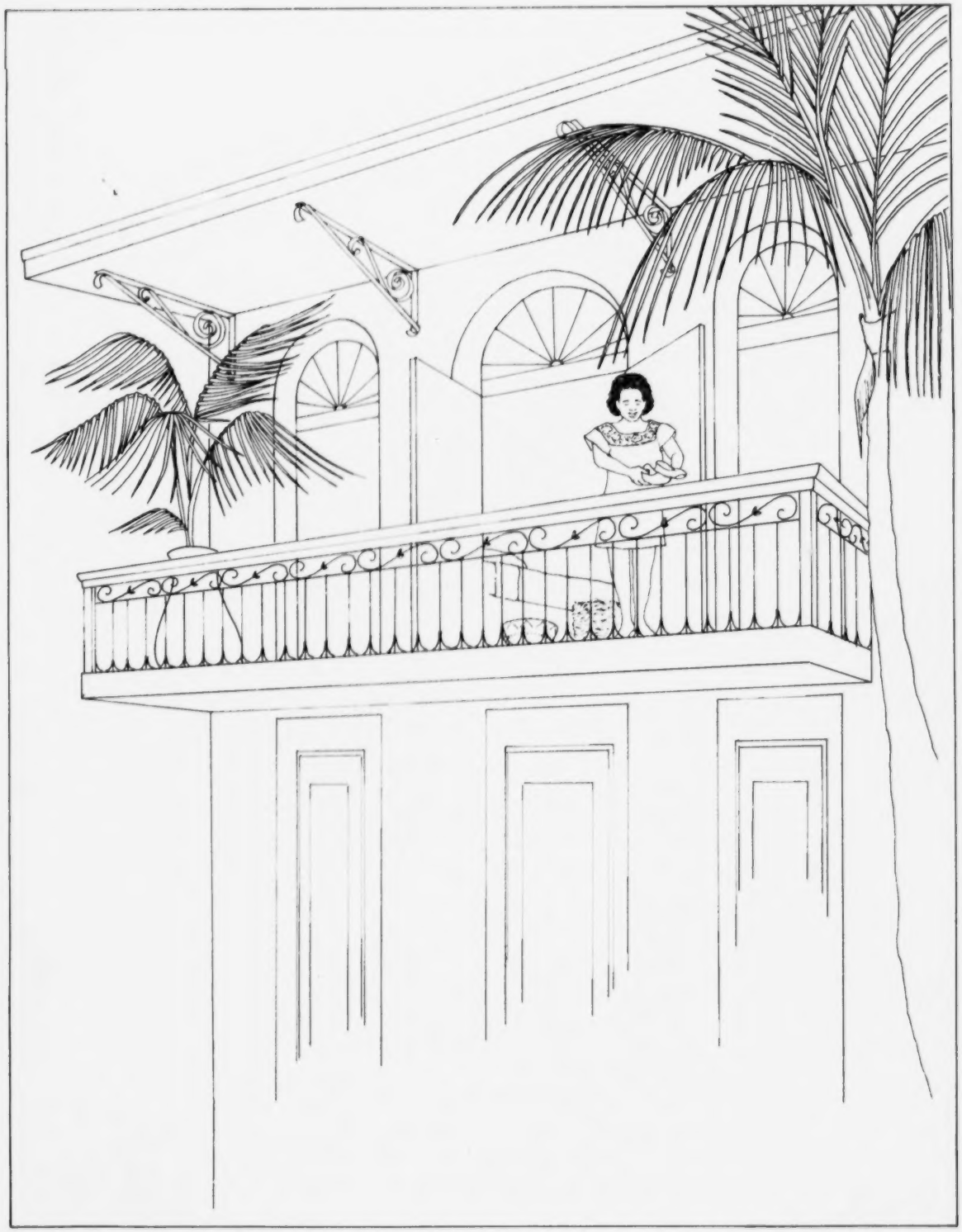

The children of Puerto Rico celebrate El Día de los Tres Reyes Magos.
(For more information see Appendix B of your workbook.)

Lesson 3
Cultural Ties and Traditions

DICHO

Ni veas mal todo lo viejo, ni alabes todo lo nuevo.

(Don't look at everything that is old in a bad light
nor praise everything that is new.)
This *dicho* addresses the importance of being moderate
in one's thinking about new vs. old things.
It cautions against praising youth and new things
above older traditions.

Lesson 3 addresses how we express culture through our traditions and celebrations as well as through the cultural objects and tools we use.

¿Sabes Qué?

In many Latino cultures it is customary to pierce newborn baby girls' ears. It is also customary for girls to wear gold or silver bracelets called "pulseras." Boys may wear "medallas," medallions of the family's favorite saint. The value of adorning very young children with beautiful jewelry is a tradition that is passed on in many Latino families.

In Mexican children's bedrooms you will often see a picture of "*El Angel de la Guardia*" (the guardian angel) hanging on the wall. This custom is practiced so that young children will be protected while they sleep.

▼▼▼▼▼

A New Mexican family tradition that has been around for hundreds of years is to grow, dry and grind red chiles. Green chile is grown in the garden and ripened until it turns red. Then it is strung in long bunches called *"ristras."* Often you see *ristras* hanging next to a doorway or in the kitchen.

Chile de ristra can be used in different ways: it can be ground dry into a powder or soaked in water and mashed into a chile paste.

Red chiles are an important ingredient in New Mexican cooking. A proud New Mexican will often say, "New Mexico chile is the best in the world!"

▼▼▼▼▼

What are some traditions and celebrations that you know from your family?

Notes

Although Texcatlipoca was powerful and all knowing,
Xochitl responded to him with courage and confidence.

Lesson 4
Personal Power and Confidence

DICHO

La ropa limpia no necesita jabón.

(Clean clothes don't need soap.)
This *dicho* means that there is no need to be overly concerned about defending your position if you know you are right.

Lesson 4 includes the story of Texcatlipoca as an example of how a cultural tradition, the *cuento,* is used to teach important lessons in Latino communities. In this case the lesson is about personal power and confidence.

¿Sabes Qué?

By the time of the Spanish conquest the Aztecs had already developed the study of astronomy and mathematics and had advanced technologies in architecture, farming and medicine.

The Story of Texcatlipoca (From Mexico)

The legend of Texcatlipoca (Tes-cah-tlee-po-cah) is an ancient one that is perhaps based on fact, but the storyteller who first told it was famous for her lively imagination and inventiveness. As with all legends, the listener can decide what kind of truth it represents (and thus add to or take away from its power).

The story you are about to hear is about one of the most powerful gods of the Aztec people. Texcatlipoca was everywhere and knew what everyone was thinking and feeling.

He was so powerful that at night he was the moon, watching over the earth. During the day he was a god with human form. In his human form he looked as fierce as he was powerful. He had white spots on his forehead, nose and mouth, and he wore two pendants on each ear, one silver and one gold. On his lower lip he wore an emerald with a bright blue feather on it. His headdress was of pure gold and it circled around and ended on his ear, signifying that he could hear all pleas and supplications.

He wore an enormous medallion around his neck that served as a protective shield for his entire upper torso. In his right hand he carried four magical arrows, signifying his power to punish evil deeds. In his left hand he carried a round shield of polished gold that was also a blinding mirror. In this mirror all things could be seen. Tied to his feet were 20 golden bells and a deer's foot, symbolizing his agility. His cape was a black and white net adorned with fresh flowers of every color.

Texcatlipoca had great power over the world. The people in the villages feared him greatly and tried to make him happy in thousands of ways. They built special places at street corners and crossroads where he could sit and rest when he was roaming the earth overseeing his lands. Every five days the villagers, knowing his love for flowers, placed fresh bouquets on the resting stones on the streets and at the crossroads. On one of these days Xochitl (So-cheel) was walking to her aunt's house to take the old woman some healing herbs for her rheumatism.

Xochitl, a young girl of 12, knew the legend of Texcatlipoca but she had never seen him. She had heard the people in the village say that Texcatlipoca had the power to appear and disappear in different forms and sizes. She wasn't even sure if she believed the stories. Her grandmother had always told her that she should only believe that which was true. Xochitl usually didn't give Texcatlipoca much thought.

Xochitl's aunt lived on the other side of the river, so Xochitl had to walk several miles and cross a bridge and several roads to get to her house. On the way she noticed the

beautiful and colorful flowers on the resting places at the street corners and crossroads. She thought about her sick aunt and how her aunt loved fresh flowers. She knew her aunt would be happy to receive a bouquet, so she decided to exchange some of her fresh herbs for some of the flowers on one of Texcatlipoca's resting benches.

She gathered up the flowers in both hands, closed her eyes and took a deep breath, inhaling their sweet scent. She always smelled flowers in just this way; this was her special way of smelling flowers. She let the scent flow through her, swirling inside her mind and her being. When she opened her eyes, she saw someone standing before her. She had never seen, or even imagined, anything like him in her life.

When he spoke, his amazing voice echoed around her. It didn't sound like a human voice at all.

"What do you think you are doing?" he thundered.

Xochitl felt a little afraid, but her voice was clear and strong when she answered, "I am on my way to my aunt's house to pay her a visit and take her some herbs. I saw all these flowers and decided to take her some to cheer her up. These flowers are always here, and when they dry up they are thrown away and new ones are put in their place. Here, do you want to smell them? They are quite fresh and the scent is so sweet! I left some of my fresh herbs in exchange for the flowers I took. The herbs are especially good for rheumatism."

But before she had finished explaining, he roared in his mighty voice, "Aren't you afraid of me? Don't you know who I am? I am the mighty God of the Moon, Texcatlipoca! I can see everything and I know everything! I know what is in your heart!"

Xochitl answered, in a clear voice, "I am Xochitl and I come from the village of Nogales by the river. But I guess you already know that since you know all things."

Texcatlipoca was so furious at her insolence that he almost disappeared involuntarily. Even mighty beings such as he have trouble controlling their tempers.

But Xochitl did not notice his rage because she had just thought of something. "The people in my village say that you can heal all people who are sick. Is that right? Because if it is true, then I would like to ask you to heal my aunt's rheumatism. She is old and very wise, but sometimes she is in a bad mood because it hurts her to work in her garden or do her washing by the river..."

Xochitl was interrupted by Texcatlipoca, who by now was in such a rage that he turned into a lightning bolt and the earth shook with the force of his fury. Then he resumed human form, shaking the arrows and the brilliant gold shield he carried. The pendants

in his ears and the bells on his feet clattered, and he roared at Xochitl, "Don't you know that I could strike you with my mighty shield and turn you into a *metate*? Aren't you afraid?"

Xochitl paused to collect her thoughts, and then she said, "Well, I have always heard that Texcatlipoca knows what is in everyone's heart and whether people have good or bad intentions. My grandmother always tells me that if I know who I am and my intentions are good, I don't have to be afraid. What do you think?"

And the rage left Texcatlipoca, because he knew that what Xochitl said was true. He sighed and sat down on the resting stone, taking off his heavy shield so he could sit more comfortably. Xochitl sat next to him and gave him some flowers, and he could see that her gift was made in friendship and not from fear. She admired his fabulous adornments and he explained their meaning. Then he said, "Where did you say your aunt lives?"

The girl turned to point in the direction of the road she was taking, and said, "In a little house just over the hill there. There are two chairs in front and a lovely garden." When she turned back, the god was gone.

Xochitl took her flowers and herbs and walked down the road toward her aunt's house. She got very excited thinking about the news she had to tell her aunt.

She thought to herself, "I am sure my aunt will say that I have a wonderful imagination, like she always does, and she will call me her *palomita* (little dove). And then she will say, 'Ay, *palomita*, what a wonderful storyteller you will be one day. Come here and let me braid your hair.'"

But Xochitl wouldn't mind, because she knew what had happened to her was true.

When Xochitl arrived at her aunt's house, she saw the most curious thing. It was her aunt, dancing out to greet her, her feet as light as air. She moved like a young girl!

"Ay, *palomita*, you'll never guess what happened!"

Texcatlipoca

1. Have you ever met someone who tried to make you believe he or she was much more powerful or important than you? How did you feel?

2. How did Xochitl respond to Texcatlipoca?

3. Why do you think Xochitl responded the way she did?

4. What do you think you can do to stand up for yourself in a positive way when someone tries to make you feel afraid or embarrassed?

5. What is something you have learned from an important person in your life who makes you feel strong and secure?

6. What are three things that you are proud of that you have accomplished recently?

This activity was inspired by: "The Story of Prince Krondak," *Self-Esteem: The Key to Your Child's Well-Being*, Harris Clemes and Reynold Bean.

Notes

"What is pulling our strings?" If we become more aware of what is influencing us, maybe, just maybe, we can pull our own strings.

30

Lesson 5
Cultural Factors

DICHO

Más vale doblarse que quebrarse.

(It is better to bend than to break.)
This *dicho* addresses the importance of being able to adapt to different kinds of situations.
A famous quote by Emiliano Zapata and one that addresses holding on to your convictions is: "*Prefiero morir de pie que vivir de rodillas.*"
("I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees.")

Lesson 5 is about cultural factors and choices. The purpose of this lesson is to show how we are influenced by cultural factors. Once aware of what is influencing us, we can become free to choose what we want and how we want to define ourselves.

¿Sabes Qué?

Television is another cultural factor that influences the U.S. population. The average American family watches 7.5 hours of TV per day. The average 8-12 year old watches 4 hours of TV per day.

How much TV do you watch?

Youth Culture USA

Code

Dress

If you wanted to communicate to others that you were part of "Youth Culture USA," **what would you wear?**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Food

If you wanted to communicate to others that you were part of "Youth Culture USA," **what would you eat?**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Music

If you wanted to communicate to others that you were part of "Youth Culture USA," **what music would you listen to?**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Language Code

If you wanted to communicate to others that you were part of "Youth Culture USA," **what words would you use to show you really like something?**

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Notes

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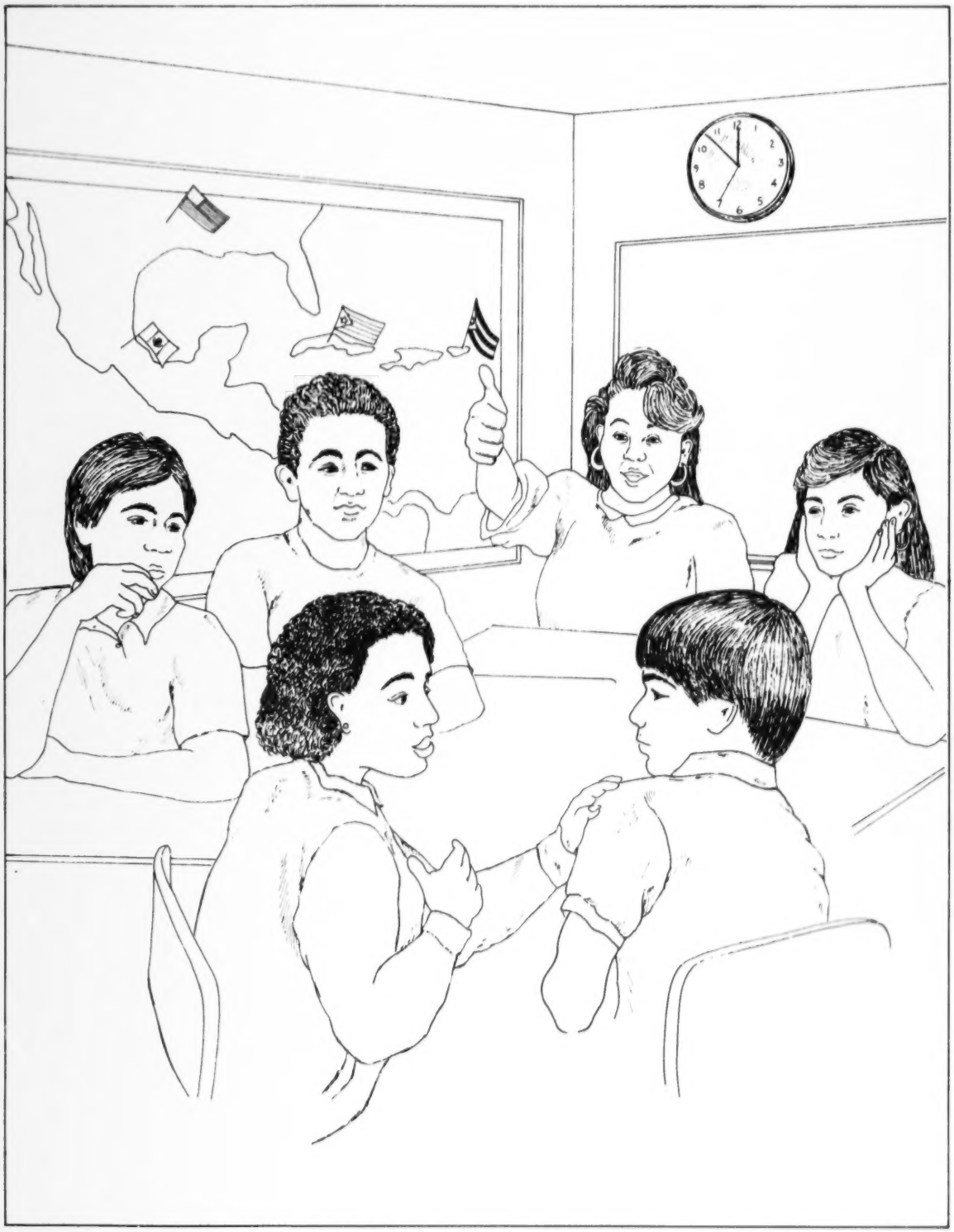

There are different views on assimilation and integration. Where would you rather be—in a tossed salad or a melting pot?

Lesson 6

Assimilation as it Contrasts to Integration

DICHO

▼▼▼▼▼

Hay que bailar al son que nos toquen.

(One must dance to the tune that is playing.)
A summary of what Henry David Thoreau meant when he said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway."

Lesson 6 is about six different Latino students and their views on assimilation and integration. The purpose of the lesson is to help you understand the meaning of these two concepts, and to accept your own as well as others' points of view.

¿Sabes Qué?

Most Latinos in the U.S. speak Spanish and English. Being bilingual is considered an important value.

▼▼▼▼▼

Latinos are concentrated in the Southwestern United States, the Chicago area and Florida.The top five Latino cities in the U.S. are: New York, New York; Los Angeles, California; Chicago, Illinois; San Antonio, Texas; and Houston, Texas.

The top five states are: California, Texas, New York, Florida and Illinois.

Tracy González

I don't like it when people call me Puerto Rican or Latina. I am an American. After all, I was born and raised here. I think like an American. I talk like an American and dress like an American.

When I call myself an American, some of my friends tease me because I have dark skin. I tell them "Americans come in all colors." It would be worse to go around speaking Spanish and calling myself a Puerto Rican. That would make me stand out more. I don't want to be treated any differently from the rest of the kids.

I have heard of people who get discriminated against and I think discrimination is wrong. But I think that if we go around saying how different we all are, it's going to be worse.

My parents are so old-fashioned sometimes. I just don't understand them. They still speak Spanish at home and they still see themselves as Puerto Ricans. We have arguments sometimes and I ignore them. They don't understand that what I want is respect for how I feel about who I am. It's better not to talk about it with them. I love them but we just don't agree.

The way I look at it, we are in America, we are Americans and we should speak English. I wish all those people who call themselves Puerto Ricans, or Latinos or whatever, would be quiet. We would all be better off if we called ourselves Americans.

When people ask me what I want out of life, I tell them. I just want to be respected for what I am—an American. I want a good education, a good job. I don't want to be discriminated against.

Marisol Mendoza

I am a Chicana and I'm proud of it. Because of my cultural roots, I learned how to be close to and respect my family. My *jefita* (that's my mom) has worked hard for what we have, and although she seems old-fashioned to me sometimes, I understand where she is coming from.

My dad and mom are divorced now, but Dad is real proud of his heritage, too. He often says to me, "Marisol, never forget who you are and where you come from. Your mom is a full-blooded Yaqui from the State of Sonora, and I am a Mestizo. I came from an Indian mother and a Spanish father." I can see the pride in his eyes when he says that to me, and I can't help but feel it inside myself, too.

One of the things that both Mom and Dad insist on is that we speak Spanish. I used to get so mad at them about it, but now I know that they are right. I know that speaking two languages is going to open up a lot of doors for me someday when I look for a job. Sometimes I hear people saying that this is America, and we should all speak English. I disagree. I believe we should speak two languages if we can.

I am also proud of being an American. I was born here and think this is a great place to live. I am glad that my parents came here from Mexico to raise us as Americans. This is my country and, like my teacher says, I can be anything I want. Sometimes I really believe that and sometimes I don't. Although I have never been discriminated against, I know prejudice exists.

My mom says she wants me to feel rich and fortunate because I have two cultures rather than just one. I think she's right!

When people ask me what I want out of life, I tell them: I want to be respected for what I am—a Chicana. I want a good education and a good job. I don't want to be discriminated against.

Claudia Tellez Rojas

I'm proud of who I am. I was born in Central America, in a place called Managua, Nicaragua. Where I lived was special to me, even though I was too small to remember very much. What I do remember seems so wonderful that I wish I were there. It's the kind of longing that scares you.

I'm here in the USA now, and this is my home. But I will always belong in my heart and soul to the land of my birth. When people ask me where I'm from, I don't hesitate for even a second. The words come out of their own accord.

America is beautiful, but like everything else, it has its good parts and bad. I don't like it when people laugh at you because you're not this or that. Though it hurts my feelings, I don't care what they say. I only care about what I feel inside. I want to respect others because I would like them to respect me.

I'm proud of my culture, but I would like to learn the U.S. culture and accept it as it is. I hear talk about discrimination and I know it is wrong. I just want to better myself in this country and take advantage of what it has to offer. I don't want to be discriminated against.

This story was supplied by Ms. Berta Capo and her students at the Little Havana Institute in Miami, FL.

Fred Soto

Before I tell you my story, let me tell you that my name is not Federico. My father calls me Federico because that was his father's name. My grandfather was a World War I veteran— Federico Soto García. I have some old pictures of him in his uniform and he looks just like a war hero with all his medals.

I loved my grandfather but I don't like his name. I just want to be called Fred, thank you. My dad's always talking about how we are Chicanos and how proud we should be of our cultural roots. He grew up in the 1960s. I have a picture of him when he was in college. He is holding a sign that says "Boycott" on it. I'm not real sure about what it means. I think it has something to do with farmworkers but I don't know.

My mom says she feels guilty that her children don't speak Spanish. ("But they understand everything," she says.) It's true, when my aunts come over and they sit around and drink their *cafecito* (that's coffee) and they don't want us to understand what they are saying, they speak Spanish real fast. My sister Elisa and I still understand everything.

Anyway, my folks and I don't agree about this Chicano stuff. The way I look at it, I just want to be an American. I want to be an engineer. I want to work on the space program and I want to speak English. English is what we speak in this country and everyone in all the other countries wants to speak English too.

My parents and I discuss how I feel about wanting to be called an American and how they feel I should be called a Chicano. Dad tells me that there is still discrimination going on in this country. I think that discrimination is wrong, but I think it's worse if we go around calling extra attention to ourselves as "Chicanos."

Sometimes our discussions get pretty emotional and my mom puts her hand on her forehead and says, *"Ay, mijito"* (that means, "Oh, my son"). Then she usually tells me about my Mayan ancestors and where my grandparents came from. I really like listening to these stories because they make me proud of who I am. But I still say I'm an American.

Sometimes my parents try to understand. They look at each other and shrug their shoulders and say, "Maybe he'll change when he gets a little older." Who knows? Maybe I will change. For now, I just want to be called Fred, not Federico, and I don't want to call myself a Chicano. I want to be called an American.

When people ask me what I want out of life, I tell them: I just want to be respected for what I am—an American. I want a good education and a good job (in the space program). I don't want to be discriminated against.

Diego Cortés Ruiz

I'm proud of being a Chicano. The thing that I like most about being a Chicano is the closeness I feel with my family—*mi familia*. My family consists of not only my father, mother and three sisters, but also about 20 other people—aunts, uncles, cousins and my three grandparents.

My other grandfather, my father's dad, passed away last year. The church was full of people who came from all over the state. My grandfather was a very good man. He loved to help others who were in need. He is the one who named me Diego. He used to tell me, "Diego is a very Mexican name. You should be proud of it." I am proud of it and I'm proud to call myself a Chicano.

I'll never forget the day we told my grandfather the meaning of the word Chicano. My cousin Marco was visiting us. Marco is a social worker in Los Angeles and the first Ruiz to graduate from the university. He told Grandfather that Chicano meant that you were proud of your Spanish and Indian roots and, at the same time, proud of being an American. You know what my grandfather said? "Well, if that is what a Chicano is, then I'm a 70-year-old Chicano."

My grandfather loved this country. He thought it was a great place to live. I love this country too, and I'm proud of being an American. I am also proud of being Diego Cortés Ruiz, an all-American Chicano. I guess I feel kind of lucky, because I have two cultures and two languages.

My cousin Marco says that discrimination still exists in this country and that some people don't feel okay about having two cultures. I think discrimination is wrong. When I hear about discrimination, I get real mad and upset.

Sometimes my friends at school disagree with me about speaking two languages. They say, "Why do you want to speak Spanish anyway? We are in the USA." I tell them I think we should speak as many languages as we can, and I feel lucky to speak two.

When people ask me what I want out of life, I tell them I want to be respected for what I am—a Chicano. I want a good job and a good education. I don't want to be discriminated against.

Enrique Capo Torres

My name is Enrique Capo Torres, and I'm from Miami, Florida. My friends call me Henry. I like the name Henry a lot better.

My parents came from Cuba with my two older brothers. I was born here in Miami. They wanted their sons to be free. Here we could get a good education and become somebody. My parents say that in the USA we can study whatever we want.

My parents like me to speak Spanish at home, but I find it very hard. I express myself better in English. My Spanish is not very good. I would like to speak better, but I'm not too worried because I was born here. I'm American. I feel American. Maybe I should say Cuban-American. I'm not ashamed of being Cuban-bred, but I have lived only in the USA.

Many of my friends feel more American, and many do not. That's OK because "to each his own."

What I want out of life is a good education, a nice job and a happy family. I don't want to be discriminated against. I want to be treated just like everybody else.

This story was supplied by Ms. Berta Capo and her students at the Little Havana Institute in Miami, FL.

Which Do You Prefer—
Melting Pot or Tossed Salad?

After you have read the stories, answer the following questions.

1. What do the characters in the stories have in common with each other?

2. How are they different?

3. Which character believes in the melting pot model?

4. Which character believes in the tossed salad model?

5. What do you believe in?

6. Why?

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I don't want to be discriminated against!

Lesson 7
Discrimination

DICHO

No hay mal que por bien no venga.

(Every bad thing is followed by a good thing.)
This *dicho* addresses the value of learning from the bad things that happen to us.

Lesson 7 is a follow-up to Lesson 6. The purpose of Lesson 7 is to define and help you discuss discrimination.

¿Sabes Qué?

Former Governor of the state of Arizona Raúl Castro was one of the first Mexican-Americans to be elected governor in this country. The story goes that while he was governor of his own state of Arizona, he was stopped by a U.S. immigration official and asked for his green card and proof of legal residency in the U.S. In addition to serving his country as governor of Arizona, he served as U.S. ambassador to El Salvador from 1964-1968, Bolivia from 1968-1970 and Argentina from 1977-1982.

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"Don Tacho, él de los pichones." When Doña Pelona's prized rooster, Kiko, was run over by the UPS truck, no one thought the rooster would live.

Lesson 8
Role Models

DICHO

Querer es poder.

(Where there's a will there's a way.)
This *dicho* means that with strong determination almost anything is possible.

Lesson 8 is about role models, people we admire and look up to. Having role models can help us set our goals and work on the direction of our lives.

¿Sabes Qué?

Pura Belpre grew up in a family that loved telling stories, surrounded by the rich folklore of her native Puerto Rico. When she left the island for New York City at the age of twenty-two, she took the stories she loved and began to share them with the world.

As a student in library school, Pura wrote down a folktale passed on by her grandmother about a vain cockroach and her gallant suitor, a mouse. She established her reputation as an author with this well-loved story, *Peréz and Martina.*

Pura became the first Latino librarian in New York City, and her fame as a storyteller, puppeteer and writer continued to grow. She received widespread recognition for her work, including the Mayor's Award in the Field of Education. Pura Belpre died in 1982,

but the Puerto Rican folklore she loved lives on in the many stories she wrote.

Pura Belpre (1899-1982) Born Puerto Rico. Works include: *Dance of the Animals; Ote, a Puerto Rican Folktale; Juan Bobo and the Queen's Necklace; Santiago; The Tiger and the Rabbit and Other Tales.*

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Romana Bañuelos

Romana Bañuelos was born in Mexico. She was married as a teenager and had two children. She was divorced at 18. Despite the obvious problem of being a young divorced woman with two children, Romana Bañuelos said to herself, "I can make it."

She immigrated to the United States and lived in Texas where she worked in a laundry for one dollar a day. As she struggled with poverty trying to care for her children, Mrs. Bañuelos told herself, "I can do better."

One day she moved to California with only $7.00 in her pocket. She worked, took care of her children and saved $400. With her savings Mrs. Bañuelos bought a tortilla factory in Los Angeles. She said to herself, "I can have success." Over a period of years, Romana Bañuelos' one-room tortilla factory became a $5-million-a-year business.

Mrs. Bañuelos wanted to serve the East Los Angeles Mexican-American community where she lived and worked. When she tried to establish a bank that would benefit her community, she was told that she wasn't qualified and should forget her dream—give up her goal. "You can't make it," she was told. Despite discouragement, Romana Bañuelos did establish the bank.

Later, Mrs. Bañuelos was appointed the 34th Treasurer of the United States.

Adapted from: *How to Be Successful in Less Than Ten Minutes a Day*. B. David Brooks, PhD and Robert C. Pauli, PhD. Pasadena, CA: Thomas Jefferson Research Center, 1984.

Anastacio "Don Tacho" Moreno

Anastacio Moreno, "Don Tacho" as he was known in his *barrio*, lived a full life. He was born in the United States of Colombian parents in 1921. He was the eldest son of a family of eight children.

One of the things that Anastacio loved to do as a young boy was take care of the family animals—pigeons, chickens, goats and rabbits.

Because his parents were very poor, he dropped out of the sixth grade to help support his younger brothers and sisters. He worked at different kinds of low paying and seasonal jobs for many years and he often wished he had more education. During the Great Depression it was hard to get work; it was even harder if you had no education.

Like many Latino men during World War II, Anastacio fought for his country. He was proud of that. When he came back from Germany, what he wanted more than anything was to settle down and get a steady job.

As soon as he returned, Anastacio got a job as a janitor at the local school in the same neighborhood where he spent most of his childhood—*Barrio Anita*.

Later that year he met Rita Muñoz at the weekly dance in the plaza across the street from the church. They were married the following year. They built a small adobe house on a corner lot in *Barrio Anita*. In that same *barrio*, Anastacio and Rita raised two boys and helped them go to college and technical school—something Anastacio wished he had been able to do.

What Anastacio loved most about his life during those years was his family, his job, his *barrio* and his animals.

He was an animal lover and people used to say he had the gift of healing animals. Anastacio kept all kinds of animals in his back yard—pigeons, chickens, goats and rabbits. Later he also had dogs and cats and a parrot he called Cuca. His house soon became the center of the *barrio*.

Every day in the late afternoon before dinner, the neighborhood children came to help him feed his animals. And everyday, after work, hundreds of pigeons would flock to the front of his house to be fed. It was plain to see that Anastacio was a very special person, because the animals, the birds and the children trusted him and loved him.

As the years went by, families with pets in the neighborhood relied on him to help with

their sick or injured animals. One summer when Doña Pelona's prized rooster, Kiko, was run over by the UPS truck, no one thought the rooster would live. Doña Pelona brought the beautiful black and red bird over to Don Tacho's house wrapped up in a towel like a baby. The rooster was weak and badly injured. Although he recuperated slowly, he was out dodging cars in the streets again by the time school started.

The children and the families in his neighborhood all loved Anastacio. At first they called him Tacho, short for Anastacio, and as he got older and became more respected, they called him "Don Tacho." The *barrio* mothers and grandmothers always called him *Don Tacho, él de los pichones* (Don Tacho, the one with the pigeons).

Don Tacho lived a simple life. He lived, worked, raised his family and died in the same *barrio*.

Doña Rita died when Don Tacho was 79 years old. Although he lived alone until he died at age 84, his neighbors and sons watched over him, helped him with his groceries and continued asking for his advice about sick pets and injured pigeons.

Don Tacho was a respected member of his *barrio* and his community. He believed in himself, gave of himself and in return, accepted what life had to give him.

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José Aponte

José Aponte is known in his community as "the lively librarian." José is Puerto Rican. He was born and raised in New York City. His job, he says, is to build bridges from the community to the library. He hopes that someday all people in this country will feel at home at the library and take advantage of the many treasures that can be found there.

José was born in New York City in the South Bronx in an area called Hell's Kitchen. He and his sister were raised by their single mother in the 1960s, a time of great change for Latinos and other minorities in this country. José's mother was one of the first Spanish-speaking librarians in this country.

José earned his first wages at the library when he was 8 years old. Every day after school José and his sister Gloria would ride the bus to the library where their mother worked. There José would read stories to the children for 25 cents a story.

One of the hardest things that José had to face when he was a young boy was discrimination at his school. In 1961, José's mother moved her children to a school that had previously been attended only by white children. When Gloria and José arrived at the school, they called José "Black Sambo" and mistreated his sister. José remembers that what got him through those difficult years in school was his mother's love and understanding and his pride in being Puerto Rican. José's mother always taught her children to be proud of their rich culture and heritage.

José always had good grades in school but sometimes he felt bored. When he was 16 years old he was bored in high school and decided to drop out and go work in the fields in Florida. He worked 6 months. In the fields he earned $3.00 a day; he had to pay $1.00 a day for food and $1.00 a day for his room. That left him with only $1.00 a day for all his other expenses. He was very discouraged. He wanted to go home, and he didn't even have the fare for his bus ticket back to New York. High school never looked so good. He didn't want to ask his mother for money because he was embarrassed, as she had advised him not to go. He finally swallowed his pride and called his mother for help. His mother told him she was sorry things didn't work out like he had wanted them to, but that she was glad that he had learned from the experience. She agreed to send him the exact amount for the bus ticket and he agreed that he would work and pay her back as soon as he could.

José returned to high school and graduated in 1969. He won several scholarships and continued his education until he earned a master's degree in library science.

José is married now and is head of his own library. Reading stories to children is still one of his favorite things to do. He considers his mother and his wife the two most influential people in his life. When you ask José , "What are the most important things in your life?" he answers quickly and confidently, "My family, definitely, my spiritual well-being, my health, and my people."

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My Role Model

1. Write a paragraph about the person you most admire. (If you like, you can write this person's name; if not, you can keep it a secret and just describe the person and why you look up to him or her.)

2. Using the space below, write more about your favorite role model. How do you know this person? How did you meet? Is this person a part of your family, neighborhood, church? Is it a friend, a TV hero or heroine? An ancestor that goes back generations?

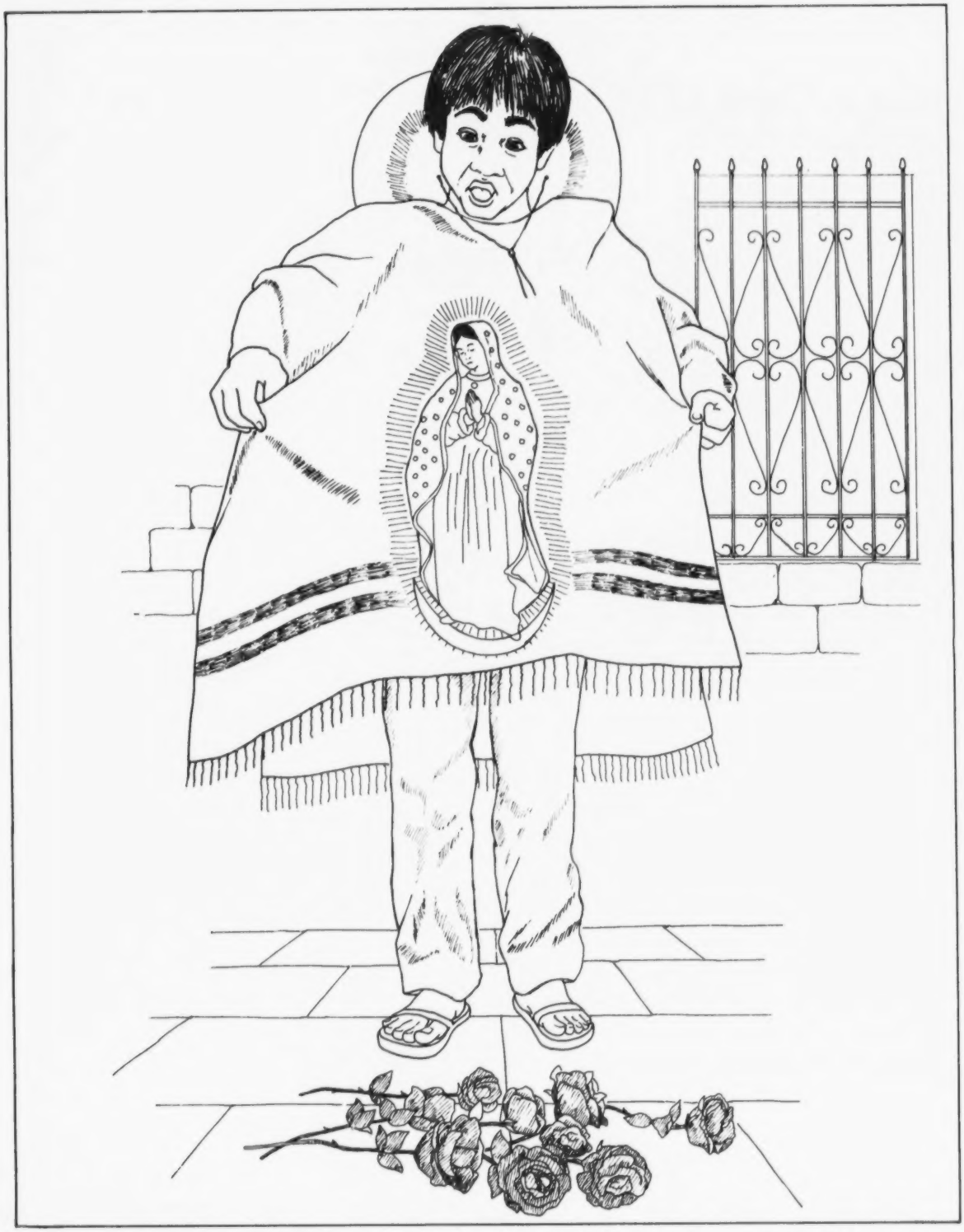
3. Why do you admire this person?

4. What is the most significant thing or things that you have learned from this person?

5. Name one quality that this person has that you would like to have.

6. What more would you like to learn from this person?

Notes



Read all about the legend of the humble Indian boy, Juan Diego, and "Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe" in Appendix B

Lesson 9
Everyday Heroines and Heroes

DICHO

Hombre de bien, siempre lo ven.

(A kind person is always recognized.)
This *dicho* addresses the value of being kind to others.

Lesson 9 is intended to help you find heroes in your everyday lives—in your own barrios, neighborhoods and communities.

¿Sabes Qué?

Everett Alvarez was born in 1937 in Salinas, California and was educated there and at the University of Santa Clara. He graduated in 1960 as an electrical engineer and joined the Navy, where he became a naval aviator. His plane was shot down over North Vietnam in 1964, making him the first American prisoner of war in North Vietnam. He spent more than eight years as a prisoner of war. He returned as a war hero to a world that had undergone tremendous change, and continued with his naval career.

Sample Interview Questions

1. Where did you live before you came to this country?

2. When did you come to the USA?

3. What made you come to the USA?

4. What was the hardest thing to leave behind in your country of origin?

5. What was the easiest thing to leave behind in your country of origin?

6. Was life in the "old" country harder or easier than life here?

7. What do you consider your greatest accomplishment since arriving in this country?

8. If you could give your country of origin anything in the world, what would it be?

9. If you could give the USA anything in the world, what would it be?

10. What do you like best about living in the USA?

11. What do you like best about yourself?

12. What is the thing in your life of which you are proudest?

Guidelines for a Successful Interview*

It is important for the person you are interviewing to feel comfortable and safe as you ask them the questions.

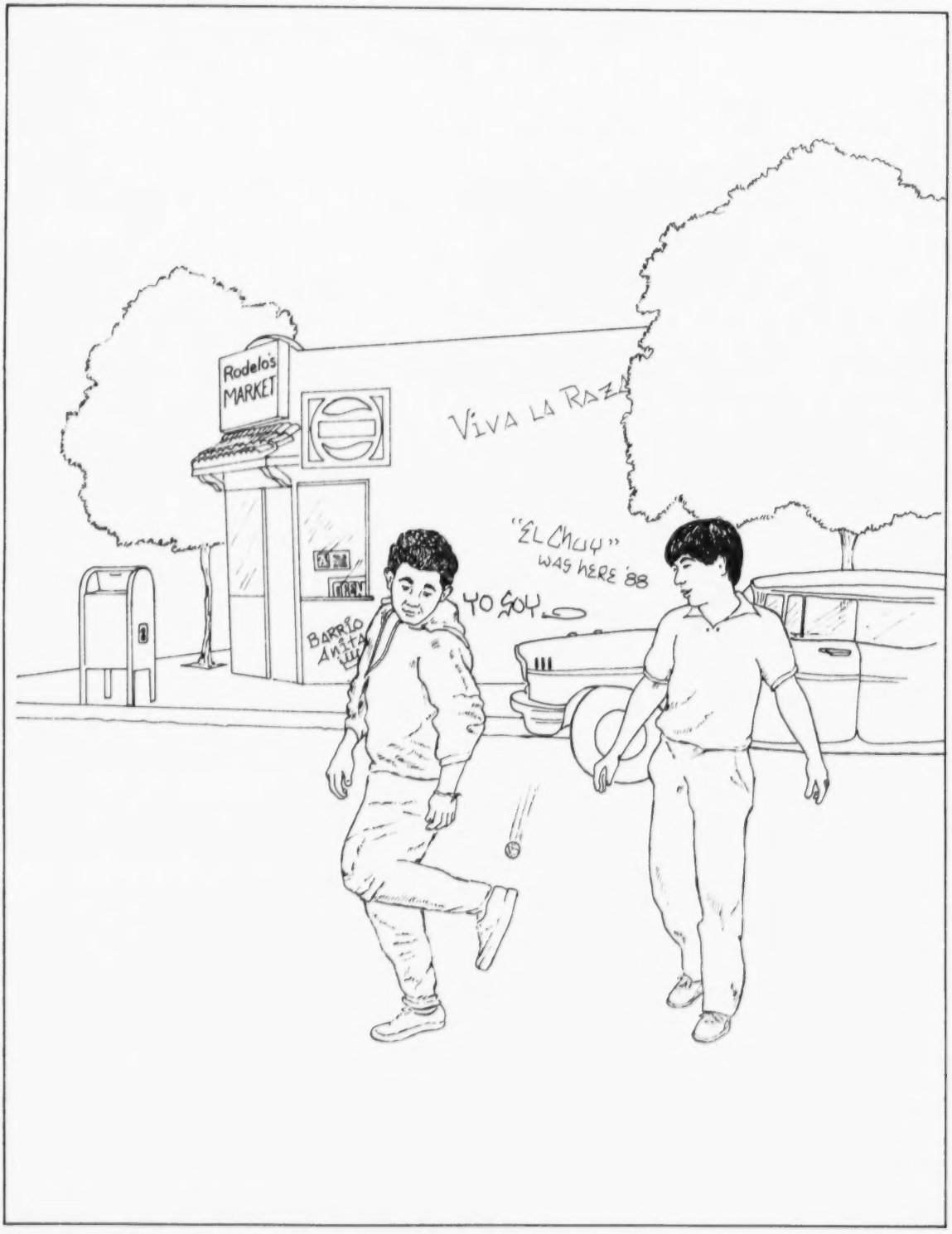
Ask yourself: What can you do to help your guest feel comfortable?

Here are some other suggestions:

1. Begin with a door-opener, "at-ease" type of question.
2. Go from general questions to specific ones.
3. Mix easy-to-answer questions with hard-to-answer questions.
4. Look at your guest when you ask your question. Be respectful and say "thank you" when he or she answers.
5. Before you start your interview, tell your guest that he or she has the right to "pass" on a question without having to explain why. (In other words, he or she doesn't have to answer your question and you will respect that.)
6. Take your time and don't ask questions too fast.
7. Keep questions short and simple.
8. Ask open-ended questions.
9. Don't debate questions with the respondent. (Remember, you're there to listen, not to give your opinions.)
10. Write down key words to help remember what the respondent said.
11. At the end, ask the respondent if there is anything else to be added.
12. Thank the respondent.

*"Guidelines for a Successful Interview" was adapted from: *Open Minds to Equality*. Nancy Schniedwind and Ellen Davidson. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1983.

Notes



The barrio is more than just the street where we live.
It is the heart of our community.

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Lesson 10
My World, My Vision

DICHO

Cada quien sabe lo que lleva en su costal.

(Each person knows what is inside his or her own sack.)
This *dicho* means that the individual knows his or her own circumstances better than anyone. The implied message is that it is unwise to look at another's life and judge his or her circumstances.

Lesson 10 is called "My World, My Vision" because it is an exploration of who we are and where we come from. The purpose of this lesson is to become aware of how our own uniqueness and specialness is connected to our families, our communities and culture.

¿Sabes Qué?

An example of having a strong sense of community pride is the way residents of Ybor City, Florida feel about their city.

Ybor City is located within the city of Tampa, Florida on the Florida Gulf coast. In 1886, the Spanish cigar manufacturer Vicente Martínez Ybor moved his cigar operations to Tampa and founded Ybor City. Fifty years later the cigar industry in the town employed over 40,000 people.

Although most of the Latinos who live in Ybor City are Cuban, the city and its surround-

ing area is multiculturally populated by people from Spain, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Central and South America.

Ybor City is a proud community. It is considered the heart of Latino Tampa. There is a strong community effort to restore Ybor City and take care of it just as one would polish and care for a precious little jewel.

This Is Me

Each and every one of us is unique. Although we might be similar in many ways to others, no other person in the world is exactly like us. This is something to be proud of.

Use your imagination and creativity to express yourself in the space below. You can write a paragraph, compose a poem, draw a picture, create a collage—anything you feel will reflect your feelings or beliefs about yourself.

This Is My Family

We come from a rich family and cultural heritage. We say, "This is who I am," and that identity comes to a great degree from our family. Ask yourself:

Who is my family?
What makes us different, unique, special?

Home

I close my eyes and take a deep, deep breath in and I blow it out. Just like my teacher says, I picture all my tense feelings blowing out of my body...just like a balloon when I let the air out.

I am thinking of coming home from Lincoln School in the hot Arizona noonday sun. I am coming home for lunch from Lincoln School.

It's May. It's dry. It's hot. I can hear my *huaraches* making that sound against the rocky desert dirt. They make that sound...It's hot...It's hot...It's hot...

I am walking right under the giant cottonwood tree. We call it an alamo tree. It's so green and fresh and cool. It's very big. And tall. And cool. And cool. I am thankful for the long stretch of shade. I take another deep, cool breath just under the alamo tree. I'm almost home. I hear my mother's radio...full blast. *Mariachis.*

I cross the street and see the bright blue screen door my father spray painted and then mended with masking tape so the flies wouldn't come in. It's open. I smell the green chiles roasting...I'm home...I'm home...

I Live in La Morita

I wake up to hear the eerie sound of the desert dove cooing in the stark silence of the noonday heat. There is a hot breeze blowing through the small window that faces *abuelito's* yard. I can hear the chickens cluck-clucking and eating their little bits of grain. Cayetano the dog is barking too. Mamá walks in and says, "Come on lazy bones, wake up! Let's you and I make ourselves look pretty and go out on the front porch and wait for the *paletero.*" I was taking my mid-day *siesta* because my *abuelita* says not even the lizards go out this time of day. After my cool shower Mamá and I go out to the front porch. She brushes my long wet hair and we wait for the loud cry of: "¡*Paletas*!" They are sweet and cold, made out of ice and fresh fruit. My favorite is *tamarindo;* Mamá likes pineapple. The street is narrow and full of cars.

Down the street there is a store, "La Tiendita," where we run at noon to get the bread and cheese for Papi's lunch. Lacha, the owner, keeps a glass case with *ponteduro*—hard and sticky popcorn balls, a jar full of brown sugar *melcochas*, white cheese still oozing with fresh milk, fresh *pan de huevo*, oranges, bananas and limes.

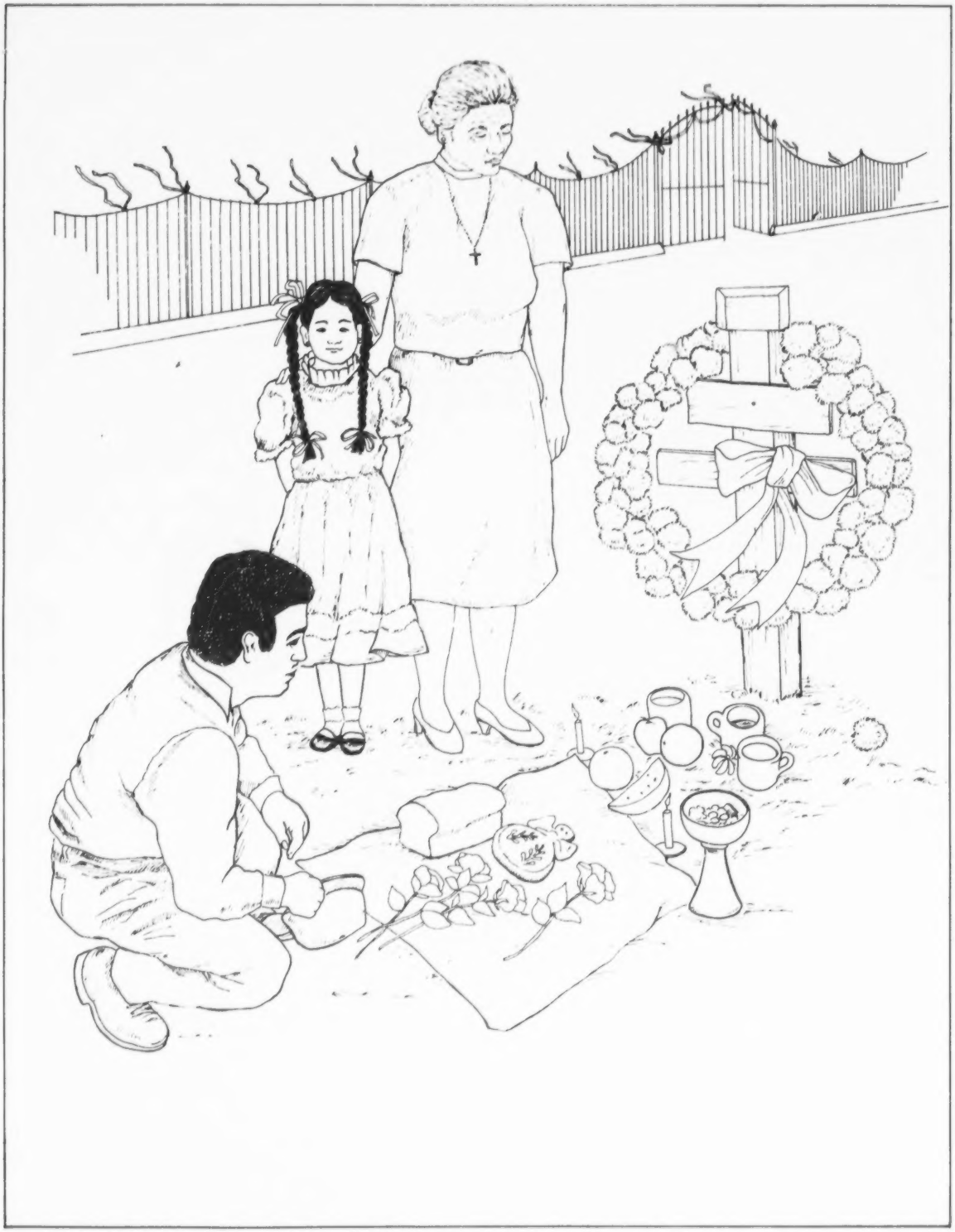
Right around when we all go outside to play kick the bucket, before the sun sets, is when Don Caresol from across the street makes the candy. Mostly marshmallows, bonbons and *jamoncillos.*

Have you ever smelled brown sugar toasting?

▼▼▼▼▼

Jamoncillos: Mexican candy made of sugar and milk, similar to butterscotch fudge.
Melcochas: Taffy-like candy often sold in wax paper wrapping.
Paletas: Popsicles made of fresh fruit.
Paletero: Popsicle vendor.
Pan de huevo: Egg bread with sugar on top.
Ponteduro: Popcorn balls.
Tamarindo: Tropical fruit with acid-like pulp that is sweetened and made into a syrup used for drinks, candy and *paletas.*

Notes



In Mexico the Day of the Dead celebration is a festive occasion. (Read more about the Day of the Dead in Appendix B of your workbook.)

Lesson 11
¡A Celebrar! Celebrate!

DICHO

Salud, amor y dinero y tiempo para gozarlos.

(Health, love and money and time to enjoy them.)
This isn't really a *dicho*, but it is a common way of toasting at weddings and parties.

Lesson 11 is a celebration of cultural pride. It is important to have fun on this day!

¡QUE VIVAN LOS LATINOS!

(Long live Latinos!)

Something I like about myself that is part of my culture . . .
(Although in class you may share only one thing, you can use this page to write as many others as you can think of!)

Notes

Appendix A
Dichos

Lesson 1

Cada cabeza es un mundo.

(Each person's mind is a world unto itself.)

This *dicho* addresses respect for the uniqueness of each person's way of being.

Lesson 2

Lo que se aprende en la cuna siempre dura.

(What you learn in the cradle you never forget.)

This *dicho* addresses the importance of learning values from your family.

Lesson 3

Ni veas mal todo lo viejo, ni alabes todo lo nuevo.

(Don't look at everything that is old in a bad light
nor praise everything that is new.)

This *dicho* addresses the importance of being moderate in one's thinking about new vs. old things. It cautions against praising youth and new things above older traditions.

Lesson 4

La ropa limpia no necesita jabón.

(Clean clothes don't need soap.)

This *dicho* means that there is no need to be overly concerned about defending your position if you know you are right.

Lesson 5

Más vale doblarse que quebrarse.

(It is better to bend than to break.)

This dicho addresses the importance of being able to adapt to different kinds of situations. A famous quote by Emiliano Zapata and one that addresses holding on to your convictions is: "*Prefiero morir de pie que vivir de rodillas.*" ("I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees.")

Lesson 6

Hay que bailar al son que nos toquen.

(One must dance to the tune that is playing.)

A summary of what Henry David Thoreau meant when he said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway."

Lesson 7

No hay mal que por bien no venga.

(Every bad thing is followed by a good thing.)

This *dicho* addresses the value of learning from the bad things that happen to us.

Lesson 8

Querer es poder.

(Where there's a will there's a way.)

This *dicho* means that with strong determination almost anything is possible.

Lesson 9

Hombre de bien, siempre lo ven.

(A kind person is always recognized.)

This *dicho* addresses the value of being kind to others.

Lesson 10

Cada quien sabe lo que lleva en su costal.

(Each person knows what she has inside her own sack.)

Or, each person knows what he has inside himself—meaning that the individual knows his or her own circumstances better than anyone. The implied message is that it is unwise to look at another's life and judge his or her circumstances.

Lesson 11

Salud, amor y dinero y tiempo para gozarlos!

(Health, love, and money and time to enjoy them.)

This isn't really a *dicho* but it is a common way of toasting at weddings and parties.

Appendix B
Three Celebrations

El Día de Los Tres Reyes Magos

In Puerto Rico as in many other Latin American countries, the Christmas season ends on January 6th with the great celebration of *El Día de los Tres Reyes Magos*—Three King's Day—commemorating the presentation of gifts by the Three Wise Men to the newborn Christ child.

Children prepare for the arrival of the *Tres Reyes Magos* by going to the countryside to gather hay or grass. On the night of January 5th, they place it in a box at their bedside, along with a dish of water. This is for the Wise Men's camels, who will surely need food and water after such a long journey! Other customs include placing shoes outside so the wise men will fill them with candy and other small favors.

On the morning of the 6th, Puerto Rican children are up early to find the surprises left for them in the night by the *Reyes Magos*. Then, the whole family helps prepare the festive meal they will eat later that day: *lechón asado*, a whole pig roasted outdoors over an open fire; *arroz con gandures*, rice with special Puerto Rican beans; *pasteles*, plantain dough stuffed with ground meat and raisins, then fried; and *tembleque*, a delicious coconut custard.

After the meal, in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico, families may stroll down to the sea, where statues of the Three Kings stand during the holiday season.

Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe

The story of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* began about 450 years ago in Mexico. The Indians were on the verge of destruction because they refused to become Catholics. They would rather die than give up their old gods and goddesses.

On a December morning in 1531, a young Indian boy named Juan Diego was crossing Tepeyac Hill. As he was passing the ruins of a shrine to the Aztec goddess Tonantzin, he heard lovely music and someone calling his name. Juan Diego looked up and he saw an Indian goddess, one he was not yet familiar with. The goddess was standing in front of the rays of the sun, being lifted by an angel on the crest of the moon. She was dressed in a mantle of turquoise with stars all over it. Her skin was dark and she was looking down at Juan Diego.

This dark-skinned goddess was *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* (Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Virgin Mary) and she appeared on the ruins of Tepeyac Hill to give Juan Diego a message. She asked him to tell the bishop that she wanted a church built where the old shrine had been, so she could be close to the Indian people and protect them.

The bishop did not believe what Juan Diego said about his vision. Juan Diego returned to the hill, where Our Lady of Guadalupe reappeared and told him to try again. This time the bishop told Juan Diego to bring back something from Our Lady to prove that she really existed.

When Juan Diego returned to the hill the third time, Our Lady told him to pick some roses, which were growing from the barren rocks where only cactus had grown before. Juan Diego picked the roses and wrapped them in his cloak. When he stood before the bishop and opened his cloak, a radiant image of the Virgin appeared on it, and the bishop fell on his knees and begged forgiveness for having disbelieved Juan Diego.

Mexican scholars tell us that the Indians knew the meaning of the images Our Lady of Guadalupe represented. They saw her as a continuation of the sun, and the sun god was one of the most powerful. She was considered greater than the god of the night because she was standing on top of the Moon. Turquoise was the color reserved for the principal god of the Indian people and the stars and comets on her turquoise mantle signified that there would be new civilizations. The Indians believed that the eyes were the windows to the soul: Our Lady of Guadalupe's eyes were sad and she was looking down. Some people believe that the meaning of the story was, "Your civilization will end but I will give birth to a new people, a new civilization, and I will protect you and bring you peace and compassion."

A chapel was built on Tepeyac Hill, and thousands of Indians were converted to Catholicism because of the wondrous *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*. Juan Diego's cloak is enshrined in the great basílica at the foot of Tepeyac Hill, where thousands of pilgrims journey every year. *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, Our Lady of Guadalupe, is the matriarch of Mexico and all of Latin America, where her day is celebrated on December 12th.

Día de Los Muertos

For hundreds of years, people throughout the Christian world have remembered their dead loved ones on All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, November 1st and 2nd. All over Latin America, these days are celebrated as *Día de los Muertos* (Day of the Dead) or *Día de los Difuntos*.The holiday is marked by unique traditions rooted in pre-Hispanic Indian beliefs about death as part of the ongoing cycle of life, and the need to provide departed souls with food, drink and companionship.

To celebrate Day of the Dead, families attend special church services, then visit the cemetery, bringing flowers, candles and favorite foods to the graves of their loved ones. The occasion is a warm family reunion between the living and the deceased. Many communities decorate the graves and cemeteries with flowers, lights and paper streamers. Flower, food and beverage vendors gather in the streets in front of the cemeteries to sell their goods to the families and friends of the departed.

For the people of Mexico, famous for knowing how to look at even the most serious matters in a light-hearted way, *Día de los Muertos* is a time to honor the dead, while looking at death itself in a playful way. Special sugar skulls decorated with tinsel eyes and frosted names are bought for living friends and for the dead. During the last days of October, bakeries all over Mexico announce the plentiful supply of *pan de muertos*. *Pan de muertos* are rounded loaves of bread in the shape of skulls or angels. The loaves are taken to the cemetery or placed in altars that are sometimes set up at home. The visit to the cemetery is seen as a time for the deceased to return to earth to be with their families, enjoying the delicacies prepared in their honor.

Some people wonder why Mexicans can take such a mocking view of death and the Day of the Dead. One explanation is that these light-hearted beliefs and attitudes about death are rooted in the Indian philosophy of death. The ancient Indians believed that death was part of life and that when one died, one didn't stop existing but went on living. Here is part of an ancient poem written in pre-Hispanic times in Mexico that explains this belief:

> When we die, we do not truly die, because we live. We resurrect,
> we keep on living, we awake. This makes us happy.

Appendix C
Spanish Word List

Abuelita: Grandmother. ***Abuelito:*** Grandfather.

Alamo: Cottonwood tree.

Barrio: Neighborhood. For many Latinos in the United States, *barrio* is more than just the Spanish word for neighborhood. The *barrio* is the center of their community—a place where they can often find support, helpful neighbors and good friends.

Cafecito: Diminutive of coffee.

Cascarón: Brightly colored paper cone stuffed with confetti and topped with an eggshell, used in Mexican festivities and celebrations.

Chicana, Chicano: A word that many Mexican-Americans use to identify themselves. Chicano is derived from the word Mexicano—the "x" in Nahuatl was pronounced as "ch." This ethnic label acknowledges the Indian roots of many Mexican-Americans.

Colonia: Another word for neighborhood (see *Barrio, Vecindad*).

Comal: A flat grill used to make tortillas.

Cuento: Folk tale or legend often passed on from generation to generation.

Cumbias: Music and type of dance originating in Columbia but popular all over Mexico and Latin America.

Día de los Muertos: Day of the Dead, a holiday celebrated on November 1 or 2.

Día de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe: Day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a holiday celebrated on December 12.

Día de los Tres Reyes Magos: Three Kings' Day or Day of the Epiphany, a holiday celebrated on January 6.

Dicho: A witty and concise saying, usually expressing a value or belief.

Fiesta: A party or holiday celebrated with games, processions and merrymaking.

Huaraches: Sandals.

Jamoncillos: Mexican candy made of sugar and milk, similar to butterscotch fudge.

Jefita: Little chief. Mexican slang expression meaning mother.

La Llorona: The crying woman. This is an old Latin American legend about a woman who cries at night for her children.

Latino: A term used to identify different groups of people from Mexico, Central and South America, and Spain.

Mariachis: A band of Mexican musicians, whose style originated in the Mexican state of Jalisco. Mariachi is a derivative of the French word for wedding—"marriage." The mariachis got their name from playing at weddings—"marriages."

Melcochas: Taffy-like candy often sold in wax paper wrapping.

Medalla: A medal, usually with a picture of a saint, Jesus or Mary.

Mestizo: A person of Indian and Spanish or European ancestry.

Metate: A stone for grinding corn.

Mi familia: My family.

Mijito: Slang diminutive from *mi hijito* meaning my little son, also *mijita* for daughter.

Nahuatl: Language of the Aztecs.

Paleta: Popsicle usually made of fresh fruit.

Paletero: Popsicle vendor.

Palomita: Little dove.

Pan de huevo: A type of bread made with eggs and decorated with sugar on top.

Papel en la pared: Paper on the wall.

Piñatas: Brightly colored paper and papier mache structures, of various forms and shapes, usually stuffed with candy, sometimes flour and confetti; in Mexico traditionally broken by children at birthday parties and celebrations.

Ponteduros: Popcorn balls.

Quinceañera: A celebration of a girl's 15th birthday. It represents the passage into young womanhood and traditionally signifies the time when a girl starts dating, attending dances, having boys visit the family home, etc. Some families have great formal celebrations and some have small gatherings with food, music and dancing. It is also called celebrating *los quince* (celebrating the 15th birthday).

Rancheras: In the context of the curriculum, this word refers to a type of Mexican music much like "country" music, usually associated with the northern part of Mexico.

Rumbas: Music and dance of Cuban origin, popular in Latin America and Spain.

Salsa: Popular Puerto Rican music and dance.

Santo: Saint.

Tamarindo: Tropical fruit with acid-like pulp that is sweetened and made into a syrup used for drinks, candy and *paletas.*

Texcatlipoca: An Aztec god; smoking mirror in Nahuatl.

Tiendita: Little store.

Veladora: Candle used for religious purposes.

Vecindad: Another word for neighborhood (see *Barrio, Colonia*).

Xochitl: Flower in Nahuatl.

Appendix D
Glossary of Special Terms

Assimilation: The blending of diverse cultural groups into one. This has also been called the melting pot process.

Bicultural: A person's ability to operate in two cultures.

Community: Interconnected people growing in recognition of their bonds and ability for mutual support.

Cultural code: Anything that communicates what cultural group you belong to.

Cultural pride: Identifying with a culture or cultural group, and being proud of belonging to it.

Culture: The sum total of the way we live. It includes our beliefs, values, customs and guides for behavior that we share with members of the group of people we identify with. Culture includes the way we express ourselves through language, our ways of thinking and styles of communication, both verbal and nonverbal.

Cultural artifacts: Objects or things that are made by a cultural group that represent the group.

Discrimination: To make a distinction. Being able to distinguish one thing from another.

Generalization: A statement or judgment that we make when we have only a limited amount of information about something. Although we make generalizations every

day, we must be careful not to arrive at false or wrong generalizations about people. Making generalizations about people based on their race, culture, size, religion or any other characteristic that makes them different can keep us from relating to and learning from them.

Immigrants: People who come into a new country in order to settle there.

Integration: When groups or persons strive to become accepted as part of our society while retaining their individual traits and integrity. Integration allows us to develop a culturally diverse society and enables us to acknowledge and respect the best of what different cultural groups have to offer.

Majority: The greater part or larger number.

Mainstream: A term used to refer to the main USA culture.

Minority: The lesser number.

Positive self-awareness: Feeling good about oneself.

Prejudice: An unfavorable opinion or feeling formed without knowledge, thought or reason.

Role models: People who can be looked up to.

Self-esteem: How much we like or love ourselves.

Stereotyping: Something that happens when we assign characteristics to people because they are members of a group instead of getting information from experiences with them as individuals. Stereotypes are learned generalizations about people that have become fixed in our minds.

Uniqueness: Being different from others.

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